

Reily Reveals His Plans For Student Government, Annual

Christmas Party Set For Thursday

The social committee of the college has planned a large social event in celebration of Christmas. This is to be held in the gym Thursday night, Dec. 18. This will be a colorful party with the Christmas spirit heightened and a feeling of good will and fellowship prevailing. In a college our size these parties can be particularly effective.

Each person attending will be asked to draw a name and purchase a small gift. These will be given as a feature of the evening.

Las Mas Presented Play "Tiger House" In New Auditorium

A gruesome room, arrayed with life-like pictures on the wall, dim and ghostly lamps and antiquated furniture made the setting one of perfection for the first presentation of the year by Las Mascaras' "Tiger House," by Robert St. Clair. The large audience that braved the mist and biting north wind of Friday the Thirteenth day of December was filled with awe, suspense and fear as the plot became entangled. The steady climb of suspense and suspicion was greatly aided by the perfect timing of the entrances, lights on and off, openings of secret panels, weird sounds of crashing thunder, torrents of rain and gusts of wild wind. The lines of the characters were so well prepared that the performance went without a single bobble.

Miss Ruth Rucker, sponsor of the club and director of the play, is to be complimented on this splendid professional production. Also her numerous assistants who were responsible for the set, make-up, orchestra, costumes, lights, curtains and sound effects are to be commended. Those students who diligently worked with the programs, posters, newspaper publicity and ticket sales deserve a lot of the credit that goes to the huge success of "Tiger House."

English Soph Classes Compose Term Papers

The sophomore English classes, taught by Miss Brandenburg, are now in the throes of composing their first paper of the year. Maybe that sounds commonplace and matter of fact, but it is no such thing. This has started a new rush for reference books, library space and time that nothing has so far in the year.

The great rush to compose something original is indeed astonishing to watch. The faculty and the students are amazed at the change wrought in these otherwise easy-going, happy-go-lucky people. They have been enjoying themselves and loafing, but in the face of term papers and exams (in the future) we are seeing what can be done, if it is necessary.



SCHOOL POLITICS IN FULL BLAST—An enthusiastic campaign to elect a president and vice-president of the Tyler Junior College student body was closed recently. For several weeks two political parties from the student body, the "T Party" and the "Apache Party" had waged energetic, unique campaigns, as displayed by the signs at the supper left which hung on walls throughout the junior college building. At upper right, Miss Winifred Main, cochairman of the "T Party" campaign, strikes a typical woman's suffragist pose for the photographer. Candidates of the two

parties are in the lower picture. They are left to right, Phillip Wolf and Bill Reily, candidates for vice-president and president respectively of the "Apache Party," and Wiley Roosth and Joe Reynolds, candidates for vice-president and president, respectively, of the "T Party." "T Party" campaigners had been using mistletoe, such as the large sprig shown among the signs at the upper left, to a good advantage during the campaign. Mistletoe hung on all doors leading to junior college classrooms, as the "T Party" candidates bid for political favor.

Billy Reily Was Elected Prexie

Billy Reily, victor in the recent election, has many plans that will be put into effect in the near future. The English classes are supposed to elect representatives, each club will have its representatives—soon there will be a first meeting to determine plans for the year.

Many social events will probably be planned. Many of the organizations have sent their representatives to the meeting to decide about the yearbook.

This recent election was one of the most colorful ones in the history of the college.

Motion Picture At High School, T.J.C. Special Assembly

To the students of T.J.C. and high school, Mr. A. C. Williams, president of the Federal Farm Loan Bank of Houston, Texas, presented a moving picture of England, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Holland and Germany. The beautiful scenes from the rural parts of these countries were gloriously filmed in technicolor. Mr. Williams was accompanied by three boys from A.&M. College who won this trip as a scholarship for making the highest scholastic rating while studying cotton.

In Liverpool the camera caught the unloading of cotton from a huge steamer. Texas cotton could easily be identified by the raggedness of the wrappings around it.

Labor in the foreign countries is very cheap; one is paid about 75c, and yet it will not buy nearly so much there as here in the United States.

When the president of the Federal Farm Loan Bank returned to the United States, he got a film in New York of the first bombing of Poland. This scene of horror and devastation was shown, and Hitler's army received many loud cries of disaster and disgust.

At the closing of the film, the entire student body was led by Mr. Dale Patton and one of Mr. Williams' associates in "God Bless America."

Richards, Lindsay To Head Staff Of Yearbook

E. P. Richards and Dorothy Jane Lindsay were recently announced as the co-editors of the Tyler Junior College yearbook. This was a pleasant surprise and we wish to congratulate them; they are happy choices. Both are sophomores, Miss Lindsay being an education major and Mr. Richards an engineer. Miss Lindsay has worked with the yearbook since the idea was formulated. Mr. Richards has worked diligently since he was put in the post. The staff met this morning at the first period and it is felt that the staff will be announced and their plans. Soon a room will be provided for the work to be done in.

IS IT TRUE?

Edwin F. Carpenter of the University of Arizona hurls the following observation over the "inconsistencies" of the collegians. Is it true?

"American college students are different from all other people on this planet; they are the only people who try to get as little as possible for their money. They will spend the most valuable years of their lives, thousands of dollars of their parents' money

Holidays Begin Friday
For Ten Days
Students Are Free
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

and some of their own if they can get any, in trying to derive as little as possible out of their college courses, provided only that they will receive a degree at the end of four years of such efforts."

WE'RE ALL FOR IT

Education with your lunch is the new vogue in the college of business administration at Kent State University. In a program of 12 noon classes at an off-campus restaurant at which students in industrial marketing sit around the table with guest salesmen of Ohio industries, students get a first-hand picture of the business world they plan to enter.

The Pow-Wow

STUDENT PUBLICATION OF
TYLER JUNIOR COLLEGE

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Sports Editor Talmage Main

Cartoonist W. M. Fitzgerald

Reporters—Sunshine Tooke, Virginia Allen, Modell Watts, Lorenia Mayer, La Verne Wilhite.

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On Your Toes

We are on the verge of something new. Let us keep the spirit and excitement which the school election engendered alive throughout the year. It would be indeed shameful for the "on your toes" attitude which swept the school to be allowed to die. Our new president has not wasted any time appointing his committees and calling a meeting of representatives from organizations and classes. Now is the time for action! End this school year in the same spirit in which it was begun. Realize your potential power and use it wisely and well. Forget party prejudices and show that you are behind your new president and that you will mobilize your abilities.

Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas, students. When I woke up Christmas morn I found two big packages under my Christmas tree. The little tree could hardly accommodate them. I felt that I should investigate this immediately. I did. I found in one a student government for the college and in the other I found Reily and Wolf. I certainly was surprised. So were they. I asked them if they had been brought by Santa. They said no, they just ran in the election and the first thing they knew there they were.

And I asked myself what I had done to deserve this—me, little typical college student. They said that they were working for all the students.

Well, well, well, is there a Santa or is there not? No, I really don't think so either but if he does this for one then why shouldn't there be?

Anyway, I hope that all of you get to go home Christmas and be with the folks. Take home a paper and show them what has been happening.

If you stay here we wish you the same thing: the best of times on this best of all seasons.

FOG IS GOO? COTTON GLOOM? DIRT:

"Looks like bird-walking weather. The goo seems to be moving south; better not try any skids today. One of the early birds will give you dual instruction, but before you go up, get the dope on the balloon run and the dew point." That was an instructor talking to a student at the airport.

I don't know whether the student knew what he meant but I knew that I didn't. The fellow went over to the main building, got some information, and was soon winging his way overhead in the sky.

"Will you please tell me what in the dickens you were talking about just now," I demanded of the instructor.

"Oh so you are a Kiwi," he asked with a big laugh. Not knowing what a Kiwi was I didn't know whether to hit him or laugh too.

"The terms I have been using are just common aeronautic terms," he said, "but I guess they are a bit confusing to the layman."

"First of all bird-walking means weather where birds do not

fly and the ceiling and visibility are zero. A zero ceiling is no flying air above the ground with fog on the ground or the sky obscured by sleet, snow, or rain. The word "goo" means fog, but "cotton," "dirt," and "gloom" also mean fog.

"The balloon run I spoke of is a meteorologist's observation of a balloon released at some stated interval. By this means we can determine the force and direction of the wind at various altitudes.

"An early bird is a pilot who learned to fly before the World War. There are still a few left. A skid or sideslip is a turn of the plane used deliberately to kill the speed or lose altitude sharply. The silk I made—wear—is not a pair of silk underwear, but a parachute. Does that answer your questions?" he asked.

"I believe it does with the exception of your calling me a Kiwi. I'm going to look it up and see if I have been insulted."

(P. S. I looked it up and it is an Australian bird that doesn't fly. Frankly it's the fliers and not us Kiwi's who are nuts.)

This is taken from the University of Houston's Cougar.

Apache Of The Week

Certainly the student chosen this week is easily one of the most colorful in the school, queer even. She has long been considered a brilliant, if somewhat misled creature, and the school has reverberated with her latest antics. Don't tell me, let me guess—it's Adrah Janice Hicks, de Chief. From the day she enrolled, we remember that one well, until this year when she is an undignified sophomore she has blazed her way through TJC to reach the coveted goal, the editorship of the Pow-Wow which she shares this year with M. M.

Here we must stop and separate these two identities in the minds of the people who are, poor souls, confused. These two are as different as night and day, with different ideas, tastes, appearances, et al. However, they do have a most uncanny way of knowing where the other is and what each is thinking. They have a code system second to none and can by the slightest movement let each other know what to do, what to say. It sounds impossible but we have seen it work for two years and we know!

But let us begin at the beginning—the day of enrollment. She and "guess who"? started things off with a bang by escaping down the fire escape, its obvious purpose, under the startled eyes of the authorities who wouldn't let them leave without a certain slip that could be obtained only by waiting in line for four hours. It seems the escaping pair were due at a luncheon or tea or something and you know how those things are.

From here we pass on to a rapid succession of teas, events including checks on the music room roof, whizzing down the banisters, slouching through the halls in all manner of strange clothing—sweatshirts, tape measures, spiders, saddle shoes saying "en avant"—so many things that we cannot recall.

Don't think that this girl is brainless, to the contrary she has

more brains in her screwballish head than most of us. She is a little genius when it comes to any kind of math. Remember the hundred on the college algebra final, trig, solid, et cetera. She writes, slightly incoherently, but with sparkle and humor like no one else. She has a flair for dramatics, playing a mad poetess in the contest play of last year. Clad in flowing white, she showed what a beauty she really is.

Hicks has a tongue and mind that are quick and sharp on the comeback, but she is absolutely the most soft-hearted person. She spends her time mending broken romances. Quote: "If there's anything that tears me up it's seeing a broken romance." Perhaps it is because her own with dear old Bill is so very successful. Adrah stands like a watchful bulldog protecting her "co", Marcia. She is generous, but thoughtless. She'll leave somebody waiting for hours with the promise to "be right back," but she'll go to any ends to help them.

Poor Hicks is certainly misunderstood. Her mischievousness shouldn't be taken for any real harm. It's just that any infringement upon personal rights rouses her to fire. From one who know her well we hear that "she is so fundamentally sound and completely right." Her pranks are pranks and nothing more. In fact, it is her cohort in crime, "guess who" again? who surprisingly both to herself and the few in the know thinks of impossible things that no one would do—she thought—but with an air Hicks rises to the challenge and does

them. She's a natural showman, but not a show-off. She is modest and hard working, and as she says, she is always "slaving over a hot typewriter, working her fingernail polish to the bone."

PAX VICTRIX

When I see ancient empires bow their heads

And sacrifice their pride, nor count the cost;

And grovel in the dust of tyrants' tread;

I see man's dream of peace and beauty lost.

The pandering of privileges and powers

To the avaricious gluttony of state;

The smouldering ruin of splendours that were ours;

Speak daily of the sovereignty of hate.

But man regains his dignity at last

In challenging the hydrophobic beast;

By building honor's breast-work 'gainst the blast

Of barbarism, new-risen in the east.

While gonfalons of freedom float above,

There will be peace, and liberty, and love.

—Marie Guermentes



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PREPARE MYSTERY PLAY—Members of Las Mascaras, dramatics organization of Tyler Junior College, presented a mystery play Friday, Dec. 13. Some of the cast of "Tiger House" are seen above rehearsing for the play. Seated on the front row, from left to

right, are Philip Wolf, Bill Bailey, Miss Rena Mayer, Miss Modell Watts and Miss Wini Main. On the back row, from left to right, are Joe Dean, Miss Betty Jane Baker and John Pace.

I can't understand is that they always take a long way home so that they are way later than the rest . . . all right I go out and have some food before I go home to—but I usually can't see my way clear to let the date eat too.

Mr. Jenkins has been gone for a spell and we all hope he told them fellows up in Tennessee that we had the dogonist school and that we could stand up to any of them scholls they could find. And the school has lately showed some school spirit that I liked to see. It's about time we woke up—sides Miss Brandenburg is shovin us a ey opener with her term papers.

Wal I have tried to keep up with them basket ball players but I be dogoned if I can. They are havin romances right and left and the culyumists persist in tellin about the same people all the time. So I don't know about it all. Buck seems to be havin a scorchin romance—as one of them New York reporters says—they are really warmer than the weather.

The Paradise has crept into the hearts of the kiddies again but now that the ole Eagles band was there I guess they will definitely take it into their hearts and love it as we did long ago.

Them debaters are liable to give me the nervous fits—they are always a talking so and I think that they may come to blows but then they never do. I told Little Osmosis to keep an eye on them but he ain't on the job too much. He is too busy keepin an eye on the chiefs and reportin their activities . . . that Marcia just can't make up her heart and the suspense is killin me . . . I am going to take her out some while she is makin up her mind . . . Her name Norma Epperson. That girl was (Continued on Page 8)

Apaches!

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Notes On "Tiger House"

Costumes of characters effective . . . happily chosen. Dress of Wini's was exquisite—Marcia designed and made it—John Pace was nice in his part . . . quite sincere, so was Wini—who was at the disadvantage of being the ingenue. Bailey, as buggy bug collector, and Baker, as the aunt who was always nervous and losing her upper plate, really stole the show. Set was probably best Las Mas has known for some time . . . people who worked on it should be congratulated.



contrary like that. When he sees things to ever ones like then he just sets his will again it.

Workin in the field the other day I seen some of them crazy colitch kids ridin along in a creamy-like Ford and I seen Jack Mack at the wheel. They were sur hittin the road—an Ole Vic wuzn't there. I wondered at that, but I ain't supposed to think, I just observed it.

Ole Ace Pace has taken Marcia (I have loved many but no one like the Great One-Reilly) home from play practice but the thing

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Wal, I seen some queer things goin on in this colitch but I guess the one that amuses me most is the sight of Coach a-runin a-round lookin for propeetites and people in cars. Why when I see her comin at a time like that I just move to one side of the hall and let her go. It saves wearin a tear on me and the hall I've found.

Little Osmosis says that he never enjoyed a play like he enjoyed that one. Why he just set there and laught and laught. I liked it too but Ole Neb he wouldn't say. And he is always

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What I Want For Christmas

AN OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Care THE APACHE POW-WOW
TYLER JUNIOR COLLEGE
WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

Santa, I want something special,
A gift that's—oh so rare.
This item has a wistful smile,
And jet black curly hair.

You don't have to wrap him
fancy,
That's not important at all.
Just so I get my gift,
This boy who's handsome and tall.

There's no need to fill my stocking
With sticky things to eat,
But give me his heart on Xmas
morn,

That's one thing I know will
keep.

I've asked for many things before,

But now I'm in despair,
Oh, Santa, please be good to me—
And answer my one little prayer.
An Apache Squaw.

Sue Aiken: "More honors to
win, cause I need new worlds
and honors to conquer."

James Barnes: "A few decent
quotes from Spenser and a way
to use them."

Adelle Florey: "A good grade
in Physics."

Dixie Hall: "An assurance that
I didn't leave my mentality back
stage in the 'Tiger House.' It
was fun though."

John Pace: "As I said that
memorable day, quote, 'There
ain't no Santa Claus.' And I
mean it now . . . not to be an ole
spoil sport."

Jack Mack: "The acquaintance
of more 'Rumboogies,' cause be-
lieve me they are some of the
swellest people."

Dorothy Jane Linday: "I am
forgetting public spirit and wish-
ing entirely for myself: I want
J. O. to stay a long time!"

Betty Joe McKay: "I am satis-
fied with my William Joe."

Buck Overall: "Well, I guess I
just want some little something
to tide me over the LONG WIN-
TER MONTHS."

Kenneth Rasco: "Some one else
in my French class. I do like
Adrah, but she is so eccentric."

The People in Accounting
Class: "More time . . . time to
relax and take a deep breath. We
haven't a minute to call our own."

Talmage Main: "A nice sweet
girl who is attractive and rich
and who loves me and who is . . .

in short . . . a girl."

Roosevelt Campbell: "Some
one who can take the place of ole
Bruce (Feder Merchant) Feder
and Hathaway. They made an
argument an argument."

Acie Canady: "Nothing do I de-
sire. I made good in Govern-
ment, who could ask more?"

Leonard Clark: "A new pair of
underpinnings. I seem to have
trouble keeping on my feet.
Quite embarrassing too."

Bernard Clayton: "A potion to
make me stay the way I am. That
is, I want to be popular with
people, but I am beginning to
tire of the great swarms of
women."

Jack Chapel: "I want a little
money—but that's all. I have
home, family, and some select
heels I call my friends."

Nixine Davis: "A little differ-
ent slant of the eyes for varia-
tion . . . but that's all. I am
doing nicely thanks."

E. P. Richards: "I want Marcia
to succumb and give me a
chance."

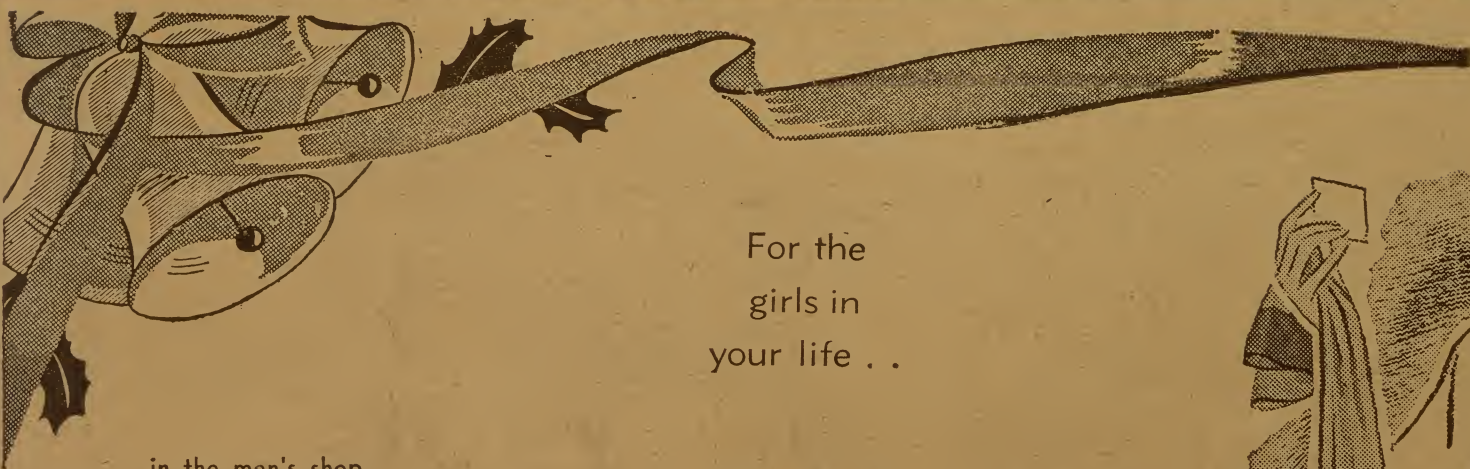
Harold Lawler: "I want more
sparring partners. Oh yes and
to be more people's knight in
shining armour."

Jeanne Price: "A leash to tie
around my little sister."

Joe Reynolds: "More sleep at
night."

Virginia Stamps: "If there's
something I haven't got that I
can think of in time then I want
that."

Rodney Ross: "I want to get
in the RAF and I want to hurry
and get in the RAF and on to
adventure and excitement."



in the men's shop

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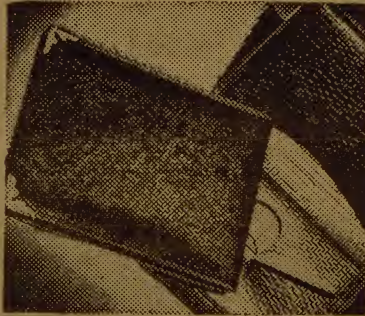
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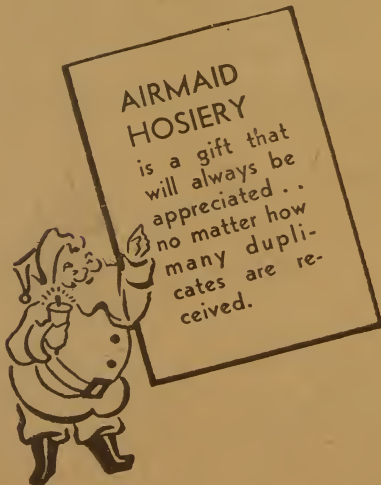
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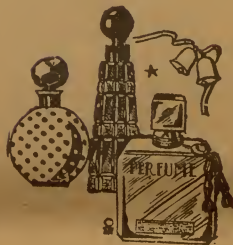
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We carry on in the racy style that our predecessors have established, with no thought for personal feelings, home ties and the like. We report the dirt as it hits us in the face. And here's mud in your eye.

Well, well, Bill Johnson came home this weekend to see Nellie.

While strolling down the hall the other day, your little eavesdropper overheard a very pretty young miss singing this little song to the tune of "He Goes To Texas U."

His name is Overall,
He can play basketball,
He is so dark and tall,
How could I help but fall?

He goes to T. J. C.
He is so sweet, you see
And he's in love with me.
How do I know?

He told me so!

Now Buck, who would have thought that of you? Really now, I am quite surprised.

Theater Notes

Ruckers Termites Group Number Three present "Tiger House." Opinion, all right. In fact, good. Congrats kiddies. Who was the tiger?

"Murder in the Rue Morgue" starring Hicks, Moneysmith, Roosth, the faculty. Plot terrible, but good tense gripping dramatic action.

"Les Enfants Perdus Go to the Movies" starring a super cast including Moneysmith, Irene King, Jack Chapel, Hicks, Jack Mack, Eddard McKelvy, Grady Faulk, Doyle Stegal, James Turner, Robert Ray, and several minor characters.

Up to my eavesdropping tricks again, I overheard Joyce Harrel inquiring as to the identity of one Randall Boulter as the object was rushing to meet class. It seems as though she took in Las Mascaras play practice one night last week and noticed him for the first time. But if my ears do not deceive me, you might have a little competition on that job.

Why does Virginia Stamps like red so? But all the girls have become quite gay and color mad. P'raps it is because leap year is almost over and they have to

hurry. Only eight more shopping days before Christmas.

Last Sattdy night oodles of people were at the Derby. Sam and Lamerne—Mr. and Mrs. Bailey to us—Reily and Lawver (why don't they give the girls a break?), Irene King, a thug and Lillian Sutton (my heart don't belong to Jerry no more). By the way, who is this Sonny little thing in Lillian's life? Also we spied Hicks and two thugs; James Barnes and Billy Boucher, John Pace and Donny Campbell, Buster Clark and Eddard McKelvy. Heaven only knows who else was out. Marcia and Ernest were.

Most everyone. Leland Ferrier confides that he dated Frances Cone. What about her and Guild, the ho hum of last year? Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan? Yah, well you to. YOU GOT THAT RIGHT BUDDIE!

Mr. Bryce D. Kennedy, the burr-headed gentleman from Paradise (I say Paradise because it is more familiar than Kilgore. Oh well la Club Mattie too) seems to have infatuated two girls of T.J.C. If Mr. Kennedy would look out his window at noon every Mon., Wed., and Fri. he might be able to see a certain little Ford V-8 passing slowly down Ferguson.

Robert Ray and Irene King the little redhead that is all the rage now and who had the boys gaga were enjoying each other's company in Biology the other day. In a more recent lecture he was trapped like a rat in a trap between Mary Jo Bass and V. Stamps. They tried to outflirt the other, with almost fatal results to Robert.

The open house was very nice and every one had a marvelous time. The leftover Phi Theta Kappa candles were quite nice.

The Apache Sandwich Shop has officially been declared part of the reservation. It is nice to eat and to study. Many a test has been anticipated there. And Otis serves strong black coffee at intervals to keep the students on their feet.

Well the election came and went. And we can say that the campaign was very nice. Why the friends of the candidates ran rampant and the free water, candy, and things were nice. Well the collitch can hold its head up—an Engineer and a pre-Law winning.

One of the Romeo's of this college, Joby Dean, and his good pal Ershie Lehr made a trip over to Baylor last weekend to see some of the fairer sex. Ershie goes to see Minner, while Joby visits her roommate. Why should you boys travel all the way to Waco while most of the cuter Tyler girls sit at home nights?

Miss Rucker remarked that she had had better cooperation on Friday nights play than ever before. If she would keep someone as cute as Bob McCutchin

around all the time, she wouldn't have so much trouble.

Since Marianna Wilson has hooked one of the cute Gee twins of Federal, there's no rule that says she couldn't pass the other one around because they have caught all of the papooses eyes when they pay a visit to the reservation. Better be careful, Floyd, because there are also handsome braves on the reservation that do not let her pass by unnoticed.

Madeline Dickson says that basketball gets more interesting every day. Wonder why the sudden interest, pal? She hails from Troup, that town that Sunshine is so vitally interested in.

What's this about Floyd Ray and Marvey Gordon?

MEDITATIONS OF AN IDIOT

To sleep, perchance to dream
Sleep that knits up the raveled
sleeve of care
That's what I need—sleep—more
sleep and less Eco
Eco, eco, eco, eco, eco.

It's driving me mad.

What this country needs is a good
five weeks school semester
A three-day journalism course.
Likewise history, likewise
everything else but English
and drawing.

At a thousand degrees below zero
He buttoned up his vest
It's always vest in the long run.

The Engineers are lovely people.
Yes, isn't he?

It's a dreary world, positively
ydrad.

Crumby. Something is wrong,
drastically and radically
wrong, with a language
when you have to write
crumby and you mean crum-
my.

Ydrad, ydrad, ydrad,
Gad, it's driving me mad. "ydrad"
Quotations are the mark of a
scholar.

Scholar, schollar, scholar—I just
got started off wrong

My greatest mistake—I never fin-
ished that story—who was
the murderer? Who done it?

Why did school have to start just
when the installment came in
which I was to find the mur-
derer out.

"Out damned spot!"

Quotations are the mark of a
scholar.

It's my vicious circle.

I want my car. Where is my
car? Is that my car? Well,
where the dickens is my car?

Ydrad, ydrad, ydrad.

Murder, suggestive, isn't it?

JED.

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Nevada reveals student costs
there are considerably below av-
erage.



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Broadway Collegian

By JOE WHITLEY

NEW YORK.—The "twilight of the world," as the professors call our era, is no time for comedy. Too, it is not the best of omens under which a maiden column ought to be sent on its way. Before the last installment is written, it is quite possible that we will have seen the handwriting on the wall, bearing the seal of the War Department and breaking the news that we've been chosen. Better paragraphs than we'll ever be have carried a typewriter to the barracks and even the trenches. But they've never tried to cover Broadway from that distance.

Sometimes we could almost wish that we had never finished college so that we could be using this year of grace in gradually learning how to become a captain with minimum effort.

"C'est la vie!" Or rather "c'est la guerre."

Goodbye In The Night

He was a star back on one of the local college elevens last year. She was a dewey-eyed freshman from North Carolina and "adored" big, strong men.

Last week he rode sadly away with his regiment to a year's training at Fort McClellan, down Alabama way.

They vowed to be true forever and ever until he trooped back on his white charger.

Every day, as he grooms the army mules, he thinks of her.

Every night she thinks of him—at the Versailles where she's forever dancing with one of the conga set from Park Avenue and glancing adoringly at Desi Arnaz, Cuban singer.

Subtle Explanations

The other night we stopped in at Madison Square Garden to see the cowhands who have crowded out on Uncle Mike Jacobs and his boxers, and landed smack behind a party of Brooklyn College coeds.

The ro-day-o, as the city slickers call it, was something they had never seen the likes of, not even in Flatbush where anything can happen.

The wild cow milking contest was going on, and a lantern-jawed cowboy sporting a red shirt was having a helluva time with one of the stubborn critters. She jumped and she kicked. She lunged at him and sent him flying. Finally four cowboys rode herd on her and hustled her away.

"Now you see," quoth one of the girls, "why milk is so high. It takes so many men to catch one of those things so they can milk him."

The Right People

A merry Yale sophomore recently invited a sheltered young thing from Vassar to New York for her first view of Manhattan night life.

She arrived with a determined female spinster who informed the Yale that there would be no trekking to the dens of evil in Greenwich Village. Only sweetness and light for her innocent. Dancing was permissible but only where the "right people" go.

They landed knee deep in debutantes at the first Saturday Night Supper Club in the chi-chi Pierre.

No sooner had the trio been seated than George Malcolm, of the cafe socialite Malcolms, tweaked the nose of Ted Peckham, late entrepreneur of an

escort service. Mr. P. countered with a left hook.

Debbies fled screaming into the night. The Yale's table was overturned in the scuffle and landed in the stomach of the female Cerberus.

They ended up in the comparative quiet of one of the hottest bistros in Greenwich Village.

Wit

Jack Oakie, who flew in for the premiere of "The Great Dictator," made wonderful copy for the local writers, what with his race track suits and his puns.

The other day we were hearing of the great affair from John Franchey, late of the University of Texas, Boswell of the movie folk and squire of Joan Crawford to the opening. Suddenly Oakie breezed up.

"Hello, John R.," he chirped, "just had a long talk with a friend of yours named Marian Marsh. She said 'Hello, Oakie.' Heh, heh, heh."

And away he went, in the stripedest suit you ever saw.

Bagdad On The Harlem

Up in Harlem there is a Taj Mahl called the Savoy Ballroom.

Rubbing shoulders nightly you see the meek and the mighty pilgrims come to the Mecca of Swing.

Here there are no rhumbas and

no congas. Here there is plenty of brass—plenty hot.

It is a paradise for the sociology majors from Wellesley and Radcliffe in search of material for a paper. Nightly you see black faces, yellow faces, white faces—all blended in the fever of the Lindy Hop.

State Of The Theater

What may prove to be the most important contribution to racial drama was launched last Monday night when the Negro Playwrights Company launched Theodore Ward's "Big White Fog."

A drama of social significance at once moving and thoughtful, "Big White Fog" traces the deterioration and collapse of a Negro family through the futile attempt to escape race barriers.

On Friday, "Cabin in the Sky," another Negro-acted but white-man inspired musical drama (John LaTouche wrote the words; Vernon Duke, the music) was touched off.

With Ethel Waters balancing most of the fantasy on her competent head, the production could not help but come off well. Critics

were rather lyric, to which rare mood Katherine Dunham and her colored ballet, and Rex Ingram, who played "De Lawd" in the movie version of "Green Pastures," contributed.

The Eternal Ballet

If you are within 100 miles of an invasion point of that organization called the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, for heaven's sake go pay them a visit. Verily this is Senor Ponce de Leon's vaunted fountain of youth. The sight of these airy creatures making a sap out of Newton's law of gravitation is something positively out of the world. Also if you're disenchanted with women, it provides an opportunity for that wonderful agony, a crush on a ballerina.

New numbers: "Poker Game," "The New Yorker," "Nutcracker Suite" and others. Incomparable tonic: "Gaiete Parisienne."

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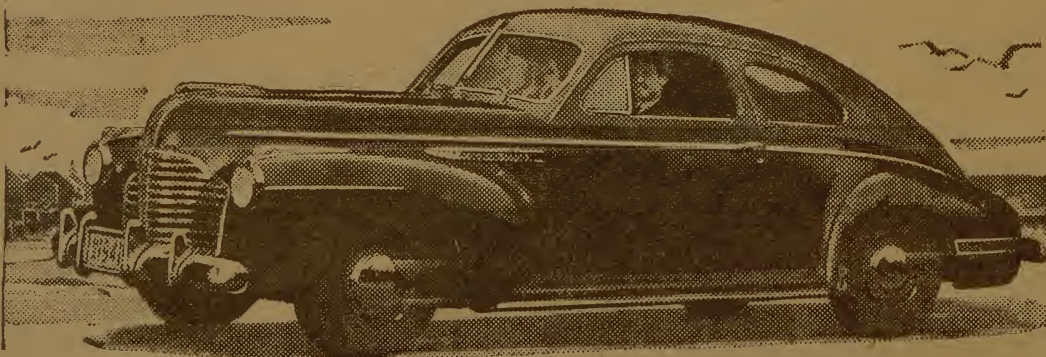
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TYLER JUNIOR COLLEGE OFFICIALS DISCLOSE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE FOR SEASON

Texas junior college coaches and officials met in Dallas Saturday and mapped out basketball and track schedules for the year.

In the east zone, of which Tyler is a member, there will only be five teams this year, due to Westminster's dropping out of the conference.

A double round-robin on a home-and-home basis with the team having the highest percentage of won-lost games will be used to determine the east zone championship. The state is divided into three zones, with each zone determining its own method of naming a champion.

Coach Ward was elected secretary of this zone, while Dr. W. H. Elkins, president of the San Angelo Junior College, was elected president of the Junior College Athletic Conference.

North Texas Agricultural College was awarded the track and field, tennis and golf meets. Meets were set for May 2 and 3.

The complete official east zone schedule is as follows:

Jan. 17, Paris at Marshall; Jan. 23, Marshall at Lon Morris; Jan. 24, Tyler at Paris; Jan. 28, Marshall at Paris; Jan. 30, Paris at Lon Morris; Feb. 3, Lon Morris at Paris; Feb. 4, Marshall at Kilgore; Feb. 7, Tyler at Lon Morris; Kilgore at Paris; Feb. 11, Paris at Tyler; Lon Morris at Marshall; Feb. 14, Tyler at Kilgore; Feb. 18, Tyler at Marshall; Paris at Kilgore; Feb. 20, Kilgore at Marshall; Feb. 21, Lon Morris at Tyler; Feb. 25, Marshall at Tyler; Kilgore at Lon Morris; Feb. 28, Kilgore at Tyler.

Farm Kid--

(Continued from Page 3)

so quiet an al. They say she had a romance, but I haven't th hart to ask her. She used to sigh fer Ole Max Walton--thet gud ole boy. Wonder where him an Bill Coats an Jim Constantine are.

Them Christmas wrappins over ther at Mr. Kortman's stor are shore perty. An we lik thet place so much. Som uv the people stay ther al th time. An they can leave word wher they are plannin to go an be reached with thet place as a base of

Co-Champion Lions Close Season

Although Tyler High's Lions are not representing District 11-AA in the state playoff, they are to be congratulated on their fine showing in the district race. Ending their season with five victories against one loss, the Lions tied Longview for the district crown, but lost the right to enter the playoff when Longview called the coin correctly in the district executive committee meeting.

The Lions lone conference loss was to Longview, 7 to 14, while they beat Athens 39-6, Glade-water 25-0, Texarkana 6-0, Kilgore 13-6 and Marshall 40-7.

Congratulations are also due Coach Hennig, who, in his four seasons at Tyler, has an exceptionally fine record. During this period his teams have been runner-up to the state champion Longview team in '37, quarterfinalists in '38, quarterfinalists in '39 and district co-champions in '40, winning 34 games, losing 6, and tying 3, and scoring 963 points while allowing only 261 points to be scored against them.

Apaches Down SFA Reserves
The Apaches went to Nacogdoches to play the SFA reserves on their home court, and came home victorious.

Paced by Buck Overall and Bernard Clayton, the Apaches had a 21-to-13 lead at the half, and never relinquished it, finally winning by a 52-to-38 margin.

Apaches--	fg.	f.	pf.	tp.
Overall, f	7	5	1	19
Clayton, f	7	0	0	14
Birdwell, f	0	0	0	0
Williams, c	4	1	2	9
Sheppard, c	0	0	0	0
Cannady, g	2	0	2	4
Bullock, g	2	2	1	6
Kennedy, g	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, g	0	0	1	0

Totals.....22 8 7 52

SFA Reserves--	fg.	f.	pf.	tp.
Samford, f	3	0	0	6
Campbell, f	5	2	4	12
Sandell, c	4	0	2	8
Jacobs, g	3	0	2	6
Hover, g	0	0	3	0
Margon, g	1	1	0	3

Totals.....16 3 11 35

operations. An them people are so nice to ya. I reely like to ask them how they think thet my gurls are. They tell me when they see them steppin out with other people--but I wonder if they do the same fer them.

Thet Fitzgerald feller is reely as crazy as thet little colt Osmosis. Why he is a scream . . . an he goes with th cutest liddle freshman gurl, Melba Jo Watson.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

Well, Shultz had been tormenting me for some time with tales of home and country, so I decided to humor him and come home for Christmas. I told him that one day and he was overjoyed. He couldn't believe his ears for a while. I told him that it was really true and that he had better begin telling all the natives goodbye and all. Especially Pete, with whom we had had so much fun. I had never enjoyed being taken in at poker like I enjoyed Pete winning. It was delightful! And I would miss this land of the never-hurry. Indeed I hated to leave, but I felt I must return.

The day we left the village the people came out to meet us and I felt that I was leaving home. All the natives gave us gifts and told us goodbye.

Soon we were wending our way through the jungle to the sea coast. We got there and found to our horror that we had two weeks to wait for our boat.

What to do, what to do? We made every bad in town and looked up innumerable friends. They were all gone or the ones that were there were perfect bores. We managed to pass the time and finally sailed. The boat was quite jolly. I enjoyed myself thoroughly and hated to leave it. We met some nice fellows. They were South American planters and amusing no end. Finally we docked at New York. We went to Jerry's and saw all the boys. Sam looked up and swore that we had just left the day before. He hadn't missed us at all . . . it was not too remarkable considering that he was probably only SOBER a week all told since we left. We saw everyone, including a maiden aunt and then we took a plane.

About the time we got over some mountains Shultz had to have something to eat and drink, thereby making me very ill. That man has a cast iron constitution and could do anything while I sit and suffer and watch him.

Shultz and a blonde from Oregon were getting real chummy by the end of our trip . . . doing us no good then. We stepped out of the plane and gazed about. What, no brass band to welcome

us? No key to the city? No parade to welcome home the prodigal sons. No. We were only met by a very surly porter with whom we had to haggle for some time to get our bags. Then we took a taxi and went home. We shook the dust of Africa, New York and Chicago from our heels and proceeded.

We got home just in time to hear the landlord telling someone in another apartment that they simply had to go--the rent still had not been paid. This fellow hotly protested and said that he could not be put out in the cold. The man said sarcastically that he could and would. And this battle had been raging just as fierce when we left. The man stayed, with battles being waged every day.

When we had supped we then notified the college that we were back and that we would report for work Monday. "Work?" they gasped incredulously, "why, you haven't been around for some time, have you?"

"No," we answered with dignity.

"Well, you see, the holidays begin today and you won't have to report for work 'till--oh, we'll call you when."

We turned away and felt left out in the cold and hurt, too. After all, it isn't every day that one comes home like that. We wandered about and heard the strains of music. We approached the place and then noticed a deathly silence.

"Now," came a loud voice. We heard what seemed to be millions of voices singing the strains of a popular song and fitting appropriate words. The people welcomed us with many gifts--so we got the gifts on both sides of the water. It was wonderful. We had a bang-up party and then we went about to everyone's home and continued for hours--nay, days. And so I suppose that we have received proper inducements to stay. We decided to stay home a while to see all the folks, anyway--besides, I think that I have some business to do. There are three English profs and ten math teachers that have mysteriously disappeared and I must find out what happened to them.

Our Sports-Minded Sex And Basketball

Why do the millions of women flock to the midwinter basketball games?

One good reason for our fairer sex turning out to this enjoyable game is the fact that the game is inside. Women compose a great part of the sports fans of this sports-minded country, and to appeal to their better nature is essential.

Football has its exciting and breath-taking moments, but if her toes are freezing to the extent that if someone should accidentally step on them they would certainly crack off, then how can this feminine creature enjoy such highlights of the game?

Another logical reason is the woman doesn't have to be so brilliant to understand the rules of the game. What is the owner of the weaker mind of the two sexes that inhabit this earth to think when suddenly the man in the striped shirt takes the football and deliberately places it in the opposite direction to that it formerly was going? If she asks her broad-shouldered companion, he looks at her with such disgust that she wants to shrink up in that blanket that apparently is doing no good.

It is much easier in basketball. She can enjoy the smile of her escort when she suddenly says, "Wasn't that a perfect basket!"

That's why millions of women flock to the midwinter basketball games.

I have my own ideas and I think I can clear it up shortly, but Shultz says that he thinks it more difficult than that.



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